

And when the Lyon fawnes vpon the Lambe,  
The Lambe will neuer cease to follow him.

*Shout within, A Lancaster, A Lancaster.*

*Exet.* Hearke, hearke, my Lord, what Shouts are  
these?

*Enter Edward, and his Souldiers.*

*Edw.* Seize on the shamefac'd Henry, beare him hence,  
And once againe proclaim vs King of England.  
You are the Fount, that makes small Brookes to flow,  
Now stops thy Spring, my Sea shall suck them dry,  
And swell so much the higher, by their ebbe.  
Hence with him to the Tower, let him not speake.

*Exit with King Henry.*

And Lords, towards Countrey bend we our course,  
Where peremptorie Warwick now remains:  
The Sunne shines hot, and if we vse delay,  
Cold biting Winter marres our hop'd-for Hay.

*Rich.* Away betimes, before his forces ioine,  
And take the great-growne Traytor vnawares:  
Braue Warriors, march aaine towards Countrey.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Warwick, the Maior of Conentry, two  
Messengers, and others vpon the Walls.*

*War.* Where is the Post that came from valiant Oxford?  
How farre hence is thy Lord, mine honest fellow?

*Mess. 1.* By this at Dunsmore, marching hitherward.

*War.* How farre off is our Brother Mountague?

Where is the Post that came from Mountague?

*Mess. 2.* By this at Dainty, with a puissant troope.

*Enter Somersuile.*

*War.* Say Somersuile, what sayes my louing Sonne?

And by thy guesse, how nigh is Clarence now?

*Somersu.* At Southam I did leaue him with his forces,

And doe expect him here some two howres hence.

*War.* Then Clarence is at hand, I heare his Drumme.

*Somersu.* It is not his, my Lord, here Southam lyes:

The Drum your Honor heares, marcheth from Warwick.

*War.* Who should that be? belike vnlook'd for friends,

*Somersu.* They are at hand, and you shall quickly know.

*March. Flourish. Enter Edward, Richard,*

*and Souldiers.*

*Edw.* Goe, Trumpet, to the Walls, and sound a Parle.

*Rich.* See how the sly Warwick mans the Wall.

*War.* Oh vnbid spight, is sportfull Edward come?

Where slept our Scouts, or how are they seduc'd,

That we could heare no newes of his repayre.

*Edw.* Now Warwick, wilt thou ope the Citie Gates,

Speake gentle words, and humbly bend thy Knee,

Call Edward King, and at his hands begge Mercy,

And he shall pardon thee these Outrages?

*War.* Nay rather, wilt thou draw thy forces hence,

Confesse who see thee vp, and pluckt thee downe,

Call Warwick Patron, and be penitent,

And thou shalt still remaine the Duke of Yorke.

*Rich.* I thought at least he would haue said the King,

Or did he make the Ieast against his will?

*War.* Is not a Dukedome, Sir, a goodly gift?

*Rich.* I, by my faith, for a poore Earle to giue,

He doe thee seruice for so good a gift.

*War.* 'Twas I that gaue the Kingdome to thy Brother.

*Edw.* Why then 'tis mine, if but by Warwickes gift.

*War.* Thou art no Atlas for so great a weight:  
And Weakeling, Warwick takes his gift againe,  
And Henry is my King, Warwick his Subiect.

*Edw.* But Warwickes King is Edwards Prisoner:  
And gallant Warwick, doe but answer this,  
What is the Body, when the Head is off?

*Rich.* Alas, that Warwick had no more fore-cast,  
But while he thought to steale the single Ten,  
The King was slyly finger'd from the Deck:

You left poore Henry at the Bishops Pallace,  
And tenne to one you'le meet him in the Tower.

*Edw.* 'Tis euen so, yet you are Warwick still.

*Rich.* Come Warwick,

Take the time, kneele downe, kneele downe:

Nay when? strike now, or else the Iron cooles.

*War.* I had rather chop this Hand off at a blow,

And with the other, sling it at thy face,

Then beare so low a sayle, to strike to thee.

*Edw.* Sayle how thou canst,

Haue Winde and Tyde thy friend,

This Hand, fast wound about thy coale-black hayre,

Shall, whiles thy Head is warme, and new cut off,

Write in the dust this Sentence with thy blood,

Wind-changing Warwick now can change no more.

*Enter Oxford, with Drumme and Colours.*

*War.* Oh chearefull Colours, see where Oxford comes.

*Oxf.* Oxford, Oxford, for Lancaster.

*Rich.* The Gates are open, let vs enter too.

*Edw.* So other foes may set vpon our backs,

Stand we in good array: for they no doubt

Will issue out againe, and bid vs battaile;

If not, the Citie being but of small defence,

Wee'le quickly rowze the Traitors in the same.

*War.* Oh welcome Oxford, for we want thy helpe.

*Enter Mountague, with Drumme and Colours.*

*Mount.* Mountague, Mountague, for Lancaster.

*Rich.* Thou and thy Brother both shall buy this Treason

Euen with the dearest blood your bodies beare.

*Edw.* The harder marcht, the greater Victorie,

My minde prefageth happy gaine, and Conquest.

*Enter Somerset, with Drumme and Colours.*

*Som.* Somerset, Somerset, for Lancaster.

*Rich.* Two of thy Name, both Dukes of Somerset,

Haue sold their Lines vnto the House of Yorke,

And thou shalt be the third, if this Sword hold.

*Enter Clarence, with Drumme and Colours.*

*War.* And loe, where George of Clarence sweepes along,

Of force enough to bid his Brother Battaille:

With whom, in vpright zeale to right, preuailes

More then the nature of a Brothers Loue.

Come Clarence, come: thou wilt, if Warwick call.

*Clar.* Father of Warwick, know you what this meanes?

Looke here, I throw my infamie at thee:

I will not ruinate my Fathers House,

Who gaue his blood to lyme the stones together,

And set vp Lancaster. Why, trowest thou, Warwick,

That Clarence is so harsh, so blunt, vnnatural,

To bend the fatall Instruments of Warre

Against

Against his Brother, and his lawfull King.  
Perhaps thou wilt obiekt my holy Oath:

To keepe that Oath, were more impietie,

Then *Isebah*, when he sacrific'd his Daughter.

I am so sorry for my Trespas made,

That to deserue well at my Brothers hands,

I here proclaime my selfe thy mortall foe:

With resolution, wherefoe're I meet thee,

(As I will meet thee, if thou stirre abroad)

To plague thee, for thy foule mis-leading me.

And so, proud-hearted Warwick, I defie thee,

And to my Brother turne my blushing Cheekes,

Pardon me Edward, I will make amends:

And Richard, doe not frowne vpon my faults,

For I will henceforth be no more vnconstant.

*Edw.* Now welcome more, and ten times more belou'd,

Then if thou neuer hadst deseru'd our hate.

*Rich.* Welcome good Clarence, this is Brother-like.

*War.* Oh passing Traytor, perjur'd and vniust.

*Edw.* What Warwick,

Wilt thou leaue the Towne, and fight?

Or shall we beat the Stones about thine Eares?

*War.* Alas, I am not coop'd here for defence:

I will away towards Barnet presently,

And bid thee Battaille, Edward, if thou dar'st.

*Edw.* Yes Warwick, Edward dares, and leads the way:

Lords to the field: Saint George, and Victorie. *Exeunt.*

*March. Warwick and his companie follows.*

*Alarm, and Excurfions. Enter Edward bringing*

*forth Warwick wounded.*

*Edw.* So, lyeth thou there: dye thou, and dye our feare,

For Warwick was a Bugge that fear'd vs all.

Now Mountague sit fast, I seeke for thee,

That Warwick's Bones may keepe thine companie.

*Exit.*

*War.* Ah, who is nigh? come to me, friend, or foe,

And tell me who is Victor, Yorke, or Warwick?

Why aske I that? my mangled body shewes,

My blood, my want of strength, my sicke heart shewes,

That I must yeeld my body to the Earth,

And by my fall, the conquest to my foe.

Thus yeelds the Cedar to the Axes edge,

Whose Armes gaue shelter to the Princely Eagle,

Vnder whose shade the ramping Lyon slept,

Whose top-branch ouer-pec'd *Iones* spreading Tree,

And kept low Shrubs from Winters pow'rfull Winde.

These Eyes, that now are dim'd with Deaths black Veyle,

Haue bene as piercing as the Mid-day Sunne,

To search the secret Treasons of the World:

The Wrinkles in my Browes, now fill'd with blood,

Were likned oft to Kingly Sepulchers:

For who liu'd King, but I could digge his Graue?

And who durst smile, when Warwick bent his Brow?

Loe, now my Glory smeard in dust and blood,

My Parkes, my Walkes, my Mannors that I had,

Euen now forsake me; and of all my Landes,

Is nothing left me, but my bodies length.

Why, what is Pompe, Rule, Reigne, but Earth and Dust?

And liue we how we can, yet dye we must.

*Enter Oxford and Somerset.*

*Som.* Ah Warwick, Warwick, wert thou as we are,

We might recover all our Lofte againe:

The Queen

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